A Cruel Jape, Surely

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A Cruel Jape, Surely

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Your traveling companion cannot bear the thought of being apart

Notes

With the release of the new season I decided to go back and touch up an old ass draft

BUT OMG WEI DON HAVE YOU SEEN HER MY BIG FLUFFY OWAHHHHHH I LOVE HER SO FLUFF AND FLOOF AND I WANT TO PET HER

More don one limbillion more don fics I will make more wei don sweep I'll go back to limbus I need her

Big ass dandelion I would blow her twin ❤

Let me be a heishou master I can be trusted with the leash GIVE ME WEI DON

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The wind up here bites differently than it does in the streets below. Down there, the air is thick with exhaust, with the sour sweat of desperate people. Up here, on the precipice of this rusted ventilation tower, the wind just feels cold. Hollow. It whips at the loose strands of your hair, stinging your cheeks, but you hardly feel it. You're too focused on the needle threading through the skin of your arm, and the pair of calloused, trembling hands holding it.

"Hold fast, mine companion! Do not squirm!" Don Quixote's voice cuts through the ambient drone of the City like a trumpet blast in a library. She is inches from your face, her eyes widened to saucers, glowing with an intensity that borders on feverish. "This villainous gash shall be vanquished with the utmost haste! A knight knows well the art of the field medic!"

"I'm not squirming, Don," you murmur, your voice sounding flat even to your own ears. You watch her work. For all her erratic movements and shouting, her stitching is surprisingly competent. Or maybe you've just gotten used to it. "You're pulling the thread too tight."

"Nonsense! Tightness ensures the flesh knits with fortitude!" She finishes the knot with a small tug, then beams at you, slapping a bandage over the work. "There! Good as new! Or, at the very least, battle-ready!"

She scrambles back, her sneakers squeaking against the gravel of the roof. She dives into her pile of supplies, a chaotic mound of random objects and edibles she carries around.

"Now! Sustenance!" She spins around, thrusting a can of something unrecognizable toward your face. It smells vaguely of meat and heavily of preservatives. "Eat, mine Esquire! You have grown pale and gaunt. A knight cannot survey their kingdom on an empty stomach! I saved the last of the HamHamPangPang imitation loaf for thee!"

You take the can, mostly to stop her from waving it under your nose. She scampers back to her own spot on the makeshift mat, crossing her legs and happily digging into her own portion. You watch her eat. You watch the way she hums to herself, oblivious to the sirens wailing in the distance. You look down at her feet—those sneakers, Rocinante. The letters are fading, scuffed by miles of asphalt and blood. One of the laces is frayed, held together by a knot you tied for her weeks ago.

"Don," you say softly.

"Mmm? Is the loaf not to your liking?" She tilts her head, setting down her plate and standing up . "Fear not! I shall forage for better fare at dawn! I saw a vendor selling—"

"Don, sit down."

She blinks, her enthusiasm faltering for a millisecond before recovering. "But vigilance is key! Who knows what dastardly—"

"Please."

The word is heavy, enough so to squander any other attempts of speaking. Don Quixote stares at you, sensing the shift in the atmosphere. Slowly, her manic energy dials down a fraction. She walks over, and sits cross-legged in front of you, her knees knocking against yours.

"Something troubles thee," she declares, leaning in, her face suddenly solemn in that exaggerated, theatrical way of hers. "Speak! Name the grievance, and I shall strike it down! Is it the cold? The lack of proper bedding? Or perhaps... a lingering foe?"

You look past her, out over the ledge. The City stretches out endlessly, a grid of suffering and neon. You've been walking this path for what feels like a lifetime. Seeking something, anything, that might make sense of this world. And everywhere you go, you just find more blood. And every time, Don throws herself into the grinder, convinced she's in a fairy tale.

"We haven't found it," you say, your eyes tracing the blinking red light of a distant drone. "We've been to how many Districts? We haven't found what I'm looking for. I don't think we're going to."

Don waves a hand dismissively. "Pish-tosh! The road to glory is long and winding! Did any great Fixer give up when the path grew dark? Nay! They—"

"I want to stop, Don."

She freezes. Her hand, halfway to reaching for her lance to emphasize her point, stops in mid-air. "Stop... for the night? A wise decree! Rest is the mother of strength!"

You shake your head. You force yourself to meet her eyes. Those round, terrifyingly bright eyes.

"No. I mean I want to stop traveling. With you."

The wind howls between the buildings, a low, mournful sound. For a moment, the only thing moving is the loose tape on your bandage flapping in the breeze. Don stares at you. Her expression doesn't change instantly; it's like her brain is buffering, the input command refusing to execute because it contradicts her programming.

"I... do not understand," she says, her voice dropping an octave, losing a bit of its lilt before she violently corrects it. "Hah! Thou speakest in riddles, Esquire! Stop traveling... with me? Thy loyal knight? Without my lance to clear the path, surely you would be beset by brigands within the hour!"

She laughs. It's a loud, fractured sound. "A jest! 'Tis a jest, surely! You possess a wicked humor, truly wicked! Testing my resolve to see if I would abandon thee at the mere suggestion of parting!"

She reaches out, grabbing your hand again. Her fingers are cold, and now, you realize, they are sweating. She starts fumbling with the bandage on your arm again, picking at the tape she just secured, her movements jerky and uncoordinated.

"I'm not joking," you say, keeping your voice steady, though your throat feels like it's closing up. "Look at you. Look at your face, I don't like seeing you get hurt over and over. You're being torn apart."

"Torn apart?" She scoffs, but her eyes are darting frantically over your face, searching for the punchline. "These? These are medals of honor! Badges of valor! I wear them with pride!" She yanks the tape too hard, and you wince. She flinches as if she's been burned, pulling her hands back. "I—I apologize! My clumsiness... I am merely... the wind is brisk tonight, is it not?"

"I'm leaving in the morning," you state. It feels cruel. But you have to do it. "I'm going to return to district 25. Alone."

Don's smile is still there, but it's frozen now, a rictus of panic. Her eyes are starting to glisten, the moisture catching the city lights.

"Alone?" she squeaks. She clears her throat, puffing out her chest, forcing the volume back up. "Preposterous! Alone? Into the jaws of danger? I cannot allow it! My vows—my oaths to thee—"

"Your oaths are done."

"They are never done!" She stands up abruptly, knocking over the can of imitation meat. It spills onto the gravel, a brown sludge oozing out, but she doesn't look at it. She looms over you, her shadow stretching long. "A knight does not abandon their quest! A Fixer does not breach their contract! If I have failed thee... if I have been insufficient in my duties..."

She drops to her knees again, frantically grabbing your shoulders. Her grip is strong—too strong.

"Tell me the trial!" she pleads, her smile trembling, looking like glass about to shatter. "Is this a test of faith? Must I slay a beast? Must I retrieve a treasure from the depths of some ruins? Name it! Name it and I shall do it! Just... do not speak such nonsense about parting ways. It... it does not bode well!"

"Shut up." You snap, the frustration finally bubbling over. "This isn't a story. This is us, dying slowly in the dirt. I'm trying to save you."

She recoils as if you slapped her. The silence that follows is deafening. She looks at her hands—the hands that just stitched you up—and then back at you. She lets out a short, breathless giggle that sounds terrifyingly devoid of humor.

"Save... me?" She tilts her head, her eyes wide and unblinking. "But...I-I am not in need of such a thing! P-prithee I need naught be saved…" She leans in close, her voice dropping to a whisper, desperate and conspiratorial. "You are simply weary, mine Esquire. The road madness has taken hold. Yes. Yes, that is it! You are feverish! You know not what you say!"

She reaches for your forehead, her hand shaking violently now.

"We shall sleep," she insists, her voice cracking. "We shall sleep, and in the morrow, this dark mood shall have passed like a storm cloud. And we shall laugh at this folly! We shall laugh!"

She presses her hand to your forehead, and her palm is clammy. She is staring at you with a desperate, terrifying hope, daring you to push her away again.

"Right?" she whispers. "We shall laugh?"

You don’t answer. You can’t. The words are stuck somewhere in your throat, choked back by the sheer, overwhelming force of her desperation. You just stare at her, your expression slack, the wind

stinging your eyes until they water.

The silence stretches, thin and brittle, until it snaps.

"Why... why dost thou gaze upon me so?" Don Quixote's voice trembles, the vibration traveling through the hand she still has pressed against your forehead. She pulls it back slowly, her breath hitching. " This silence… Is the grievance so grave? So unforgivable that it stifles the very tongue in thy mouth?"

She scrambles backward a few inches, her sneakers scraping harshly against the roof tiles, but she doesn't leave. Instead, her eyes dart wildly around the rooftop, as if searching for the invisible crime she's committed.

"It was the rations, was it not?" She blurts out, a hysterical, wet laugh bubbling up from her chest. "I... I took the larger portion of the hardtack three nights ago! I claimed it was for energy to keep watch, but in truth—in truth, I was merely gluttonous! A knight should know temperance! Is that it? Tell me, is that the stain upon my honor?"

"Don, no, it's not—" you try to say, your voice weary.

"Or perhaps the incident in the previous District!" She cuts you off, grabbing your shoulders again, shaking you slightly. Her strength is unchecked, her fingers digging into the soft flesh of your arms through your jacket. "When I challenged that Syndicate captain! I endangered thee! I drew blades when stealth was required! I was a fool, a brash, vainglorious fool! I see it now! I shall do penance! I shall stand vigil for three nights—nay, a week! Without sleep!"

"Don, stop."

"I can change!" She screams the words, the sound tearing out of her throat, raw and terrified. She leans in, her forehead practically bumping yours, her eyes wide, wet, and frantic. "Do not cast me aside, mine… mine Lord! Do not sever our bond over the failings of your knight! I am learning! I am molding myself into the perfect Fixer for thee! Just... tell me the penance! Demand of me a feat, and I shall perform it! I shall polish thy boots until they outshine the stars! I shall carry all the luggage! I shall not speak a word of Justice if it displeases thee!"

You try to pull away, but her grip is iron.

"It's not about what you did," you manage to whisper, feeling that

familiar numbness creeping into your extremities. The dissociation is a cold blanket, wrapping around your mind, dulling the sharp edges of her panic. "It's just... everything. I can't do this anymore."

"No! No, no, no!" She shakes her head violently, her blonde hair whipping across her face. She forces that smile again, but it looks painful now, a grimace of sheer denial. "Thou art merely testing my resolve! 'Tis a test of loyalty! I see it! You wish to see if I will crumble! But I shall not! Ha! Hahaha!"

Her laughter is jagged, broken shards of sound.

You don't know what to do. Slowly you stop fighting against the feeling of her hands. Your muscles go lax under her grip. There is no point. Any attempts at appealing to her shattered against the armor of her delusion. You look at her, but you're not really seeing her anymore. You're staring through her, focusing on the static of the neon sign buzzing on the building across the street. The world feels distant, muted.

Don feels your body relax. She feels the resistance drain out of you.

In her twisted, frantic logic, this… this is a good thing, of course.

"Ah..." She exhales, a shuddering breath that reeks of relief. "There. There, thou hast settled. I… I knew you wouldst."

She shifts, shuffling closer until her legs are draped over yours. She releases your shoulders, but only to slide her hands down your arms, seeking more contact. She finds your hands—limp and unresponsive—and seizes them. She interlaces her fingers with yours, squeezing tight. painfully tight.

"I knew it," she whispers, her voice thick with unshed tears, though she keeps the smile plastered on. "I knew you could not truly mean to discard your faithful Don Quixote. We are a duo! A legend in the making! Like Siegfried and... and his many admirers! Alas even moreso than them!"

She brings your joined hands up to her face, pressing her cheek against your knuckles. Her skin is hot, feverish. You just sit there, letting her maneuver you like a doll.

"Think of the sights we have yet to witness, dearest Esquire!" She babbles, talking faster now to fill the silence, to drown out the memory of what you actually said. "We have not yet seen the Great

Lake! I promised thee we would see a mermaid in the flesh! We shall go there next. Yes! Immediately!"

She squeezes your fingers, her nails digging into the back of your hand. She needs to feel you there.

"And I shall be better," she promises, closing her eyes, rubbing her face against your hand like a cat seeking affection. "I shall not rush ahead. I will listen. I will be the shield, not the sword, if that is thy wish. Just... do not speak of parting. Never again. It is a poor jest. It hurts my heart so."

She opens one eye, peering at you, checking for that spark of rebellion. Seeing only your blank, thousand-yard stare, she nods, satisfied.

Her hands haven't stilled for even a moment. If anything, the contact has become a feverish necessity for her, a way to verify that you are real.

"Thou art trembling," she murmurs, her voice dropping to a hush that she probably thinks is soothing. It isn't. She shifts closer, the gravel crunching under her knees, closing the final inch of distance between you. "Is the chill of the night so severe? Or is it... the weight of our bond that makes thee quiver?"

You flinch as her hand slides from your knuckles up to your wrist, her fingers encircling the bone. It's a reflex, your body trying to retreat even though your mind has already raised the white flag. You pull back, just a fraction, turning your head away from her intense, unblinking gaze.

Don doesn't let go. She doesn't even acknowledge the rejection. Instead, her grip tightens—not enough to break bone, but enough to bruise, enough to remind you that her lance is light as a feather in these hands.

"Shhh, shy not away," she coos, a terrifyingly tender smile stretching her split lip. She interprets your recoil as modesty, your distaste as coyness. "There is no need for decorum here, amongst the stars and the soot. We are partners. We are one soul in two bodies! Is that not the truest form of chivalry?"

She reaches up with her free hand, cupping your jaw. Her palm is rough, calloused from the lance, hot and damp against your cold skin. You try to twist your face away, a weak, exhausted protest, but she

just follows you, her fingers sliding into your hair to hold you still.

"Do you mind?" she breathes, her face inching closer. "If I... offer thee comfort? A knight's duty is to tend to their Lord's heart, is it not?"

You don't answer. You stare past her ear at a cracked chimney stack.

"Silence..." Don whispers, her eyes fluttering half-shut, her lashes catching the neon glow of the district below. "Silence is the language of the overwhelmed heart. I understand. I understand thee perfectly."

She leans in and presses her lips to yours.

It's clumsy at first, desperate and hard. She kisses you like she fights—with too much momentum, no concept of restraint. You remain limp, your lips cold and unresponsive, your hands hanging uselessly at your sides. It doesn't matter to her. To her, your stillness is agreement. It is the swoon of a damsel caught in the arms of her hero.

She pulls back only an inch, panting slightly, her cheeks flushed a brilliant, manic pink. "Oh..." she gasps, her eyes wide and glassy, spiraling deeper into her fantasy. "Thy lips... they are as cold as ice. I must warm them. I must ignite the fire of passion within thee, lest the City's gloom consume us both!"

"Don..." you croak, but the sound is swallowed as she crashes her mouth against yours again. This time, she is more insistent. Her tongue pushes past your teeth, invasive and eager, tasting you.

She starts to move, her body weight shifting forward. You are pushed back, your center of gravity tipping until you are no longer sitting but being lowered. She handles you with terrifying ease, one arm sweeping behind your back to support you, the other keeping your head trapped against hers. She maneuvers you off the cold gravel and onto the thin, ragged sleeping mats you had set up hours ago.

You land with a soft thud, the breath knocked out of you. Before you can even think of scrambling away, she is on top of you. Her knees bracket your hips, pinning you down. Her sneakers dig into the mat on either side of your legs. She looms over you, blocking out the sky, blocking out the stars.

"Comfortable, mine Lord?" she asks, though she doesn't wait for an answer. She is breathing heavy now, short, shallow gasps that rattle in her chest. The adrenaline of her earlier panic has morphed into something carnal, something obsessive. "Here. Let me... let me keep

thee safe."

She dives back down, kissing you deeply, her hands wandering now. They roam over your jacket, feeling the shape of you underneath the layers of armor and cloth. She touches you with a reverence that feels like a violation, tracing the line of your throat, the curve of your shoulder, treating your body like a holy relic she has won the right to worship.

"Thou art mine star," she mumbles against your mouth, interrupting herself with wet, sloppy kisses to your jaw, your neck. "Without thee... I am but a lance without a target. A grand tale without it's scribe. You cannot leave. You cannot."

She bites lightly at the sensitive skin under your ear, and you shudder —a physical reaction of revulsion that she immediately claims as pleasure.

"Yes..." she groans, her body pressing heavier against yours, grinding down slightly. "I feel it too. This pulse. This destiny. We are bound, Esquire. Bound by blood, by contract... and by love. Is it not love? To endure this journey together?"

She pulls back to look at you again. Her hair is a mess, sticking up in chaotic tufts. Her lips are swollen, her eyes blown wide with a terrifying, consuming adoration. She looks at your blank, reserved face and sees only the reflection of her own desires.

"Say it," she whispers, her hands pinning your wrists to the mat above your head, interlacing her fingers with yours so tightly it hurts. "Say that we shall never part. Say that I am thine, and thou art mine."

You stay silent, staring up at her, the fight completely drained out of you.

Don smiles. She leans down and kisses your nose, gentle now, terrifyingly domestic.

"Your eyes speak it loud enough," she whispers, resting her forehead against yours, closing her eyes as she traps you beneath her weight. "I love thee too. I love thee too."

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